Yeeld stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from my bosome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies:
Mocke not my senslesse coniuration Lords:
This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones
Prooue armed Souldiers ere her natiue King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you King in spite of all;
The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
And not neglected. Else heauen would,
And we would not; heauens offer, we refuse
The proffered meanes of succours and redresse.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilst *Bullingbrooke*, through our securitie,
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

King. Discomfortable Cosin, knowst thou not,
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroade vnseene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloodie heere.
But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,
He fires the proud tops of the easterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall see vs rising in our throne the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinne,
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea,
Can wash the balme off from an annoynted King.

The breath of worldly men can cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest
To lift shrewd steele against our golden Crowne,
God for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisb.

King. Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your pow

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord
Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble Lord
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune, and thy state
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, dispersst, and fled. (pa

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why lookes your Grace

King. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that will be safe, flie from my side,
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are

King. I had forgot my selfe, Am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maiestie thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vncle *Yorke* (he
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who come

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Lieg